

*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

*Pal.* Looke to thine owne well *Arcite.*

*Fight againe. Hornes.*

*Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous and traine.*

*Theseus.* What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,  
Are you? That gainst the tenor of my Lawes  
Are making Battaile, thus like Knights appointed,  
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?  
By *Castor* both shall dye.

*Pal.* Hold thy word *Theseus,*  
We are certainly both Traitors, both despisers  
Of thee, and of thy goodnesse: I am *Palamon*  
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Prison,  
Thinke well, what that deserves; and this is *Arcite*  
A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground  
A Falser neu'r seem'd friend: This is the man  
Was begd and banish'd, this is he contemnes thee  
And what thou dar'st doe; and in this disguise  
Against this owne Edict follows thy Sister,  
That fortunate bright Star, the faire *Emilia*  
Whose servant, (if there be a right in seeing,  
And first bequeathing of the soule to) justly  
I am, and which is more, dares thinke her his.  
This treacherie like a most trusty Lover,  
I call'd him now to answer; if thou bee'st  
As thou art spoken, great and vertuous,  
The true descider of all injuries,  
Say, Fight againe, and thou shalt see me *Theseus*  
Doe such a Iustice, thou thy selfe wilt envie,  
Then take my life, Ile wooc thee too't.

*Per.* O heaven,  
What more then man is this!

*Thes.* I have sworne.

*Arc.* We seeke not  
Thy breath of mercy *Theseus*, 'Tis to me  
A thing as soone to dye, as thee to say it,  
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,  
Let me say thus much; if in love be Treason,  
In service of so excellent a Beutie,

*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

As I love most, and in that faith will perishe  
As I have brought my life here to confound  
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,  
As I dare kill this Cosen, that denies it,  
So let me be most Traitor, and ye please me  
For scorning thy Edict Duke, aske that I  
Why she is faire, and why her eyes come  
Stay here to love her; and if she say Tray  
I am a villaine fit to lye unburied.

*Pal.* Thou shalt have pittie of us both  
If unto neither thou shew mercy, stop,  
(As thou art just) thy noble care against  
As thou art valiant; for thy Cosen's soule  
Whose 12. strong labours crowne his  
Lets die together, at one instant Duke,  
Onely a little let him fall before me,  
That I may tell my Soule he shall not ha

*Thes.* I grant your wish, for to say tru  
Has ten times more offended, for I gave  
More mercy then you found, Sir, your  
Being no more then his: None here  
For ere the Sun set, both shall sleepe fo

*Hipol.* Alas the pittie, now or never

Speake not to be denide; That face of  
Will beare the curses else of after ages  
For these lost Cosenes.

*Emil.* In my face deare Sister  
I finde no anger to'em; nor no ruyn,  
The misadventure of their owne eyes  
Yet that I will be woman, and have pi  
My knees shall grow to'th ground bu  
Helpe me deare Sister, in a deede so v  
The powers of all women will be wi  
Most royall Brother.

*Hipol.* Sir by our tye of Marriage.

*Emil.* By your owne spotlesse ho

*Hip.* By that faith,  
That faire hand, and that honest hea